

Along the Avenue of Fame-builded to honor them-

So pure, ornate, and yet, so simple in That, instincttively, one could but

For such a setting, rare must the jewel

While yet the sun was high o'erhead, Glinting with its rays the burnished

Erewhile the thousands lined the way Whose every voice rang out a welcom-

I saw them pass; a glorious pageantry.

Ghosts? Aye, spectres they; Some in rags, with tattered flags Cherished, and followed, in many fray,

With muffled drum, see how they come! Armed cap-a-pie, with musket, and sabre.

"Ghosts of the Red-hand from over the border.' Deathless heroes. Do ye seek a

name? Mayhap 'tis 'scribed on the roll of -fame.

Or mayhap, they sleep beneath some stone Whereon is graved—a holy legend-"Unknown."

Lost in the maze of the war-blasted track. Some are "The Boys who did not come back.

See! How they go charging: To the trumpet's shrill sounding, The deep-mouthed guns pounding, Up, up; now, away!

Now, shattered and broken, spreading dismay. Musketry flashing; sabres slashing, Wielded by loyal hands, hearts ever

true; Hark! Now, the shot and shell; Wide ope the gates of hell-The hell of war's passion;

Seething and surging, writhing and turning Until, at last, the "Old Flag" triumphant;

Forgotten the cost, then, in such glorious vision.

Spectres from Spectreland. Shadowy phantoms Booted and spurred, and riding apace;

Carbines unslinging, bugle blasts ringing; Musketeers; cannoneers, give them a place.

The prison pen opens. Thousands on thousands, Hollow-eyed, famine crazed.

what a sight. Were they from among us-these tatterdemalions?

Can these be our boys, their might? Soldiers? Heroes? These, in rags?

Glorified rags! and hallowed flags. Spectres from Deadland, ghosts of the redhand. Ghosts of the redhand from over the

border. Who could not honor them? Who would not cheer for them?

Who dares now to gibe at them Passing away in the shades of the night?

-Thomas M. Kenny in Baltimore Am-י קרריי.

Not So Many Desertions. A Washington special to the Indianapolis News says that in one of the bureaus of the War Department may be seen a record of the desertions from the army, carefully prepared, for a great many years. It is made up by months. Perhaps its most astonishing feature is the evidence it affords that in the spring the soldier's fancies turn to thoughts of private life, for in March, April and May desertions are at their hight. Very few men desert in November or December, and the summer as a whole is much more favorable to desertions than the winter. Correspondingly, it is always easier to secure enlistments in the autumn months. Of course this is explained by the condition of the labor market, particularly among agricultural laborers who are, after all, the great body of American workingmen. Restraint is much more oppressive in summer than in winter, and the companionship of the post less enticing. "Desertions in the army now are nothing to what they used to be," said a War Department official. "Before the civil war I knew one regiment from which 680 men went out in a single month. That is what you would call going out on strike, instead of desertion, and in those days the punishments were much more severe than now. Every one of those men was liable to have his head shaved and to came to an "arms port." have fifty lashes on the bare back. Only a small part of those who desert are ever recovered. Escape is comparatively easy. Many repent of their folly and reattach themselves to the service, and so our figures as to 'joined from desertion' are considerably in excess of the figures of those who are captured. Desertions in the Philip-

ments of outside life are perhaps less. Our desertions now amount to not more than from 1 to 2 per cent of the force, while in 1872 it was as high

four or five years in the penitentiary, said. or simply dishonorably discharged. particularly extenuating."

Rassleur on G. A. R. Work.

Peoria, Ill., was recently filled with delegates and visitors to the thirtyfifth annual encampment of the Illinois Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the annual conventions of five kindred organizations. The town veritably belonged to the men who wore the brown button and to their wives and sons and daughters. There were several meetings of a preliminary nature, including a session of Grand Army, at which Department eyes. Commander Longnecker presided. The The Sons were on dress parade. The council of the ladies of the G. A. R. met at the National Hotel and at Odd tended to Commander-in-Chief E. A. Infantry met in reunion in Glen Oak Park pavilion. There was also a reunion of the 17th Illinois Cavalry. Six thousand people filled the new Coliseum, the occasion being a joint campfire. The scene was one of splendor, and the distinguished visitors were given an ovation as they appeared on the stage. Commander Longenecker presided. Mayor William F. Bryan Gen. John C. Black responded to the welcome. Short addresses of courtesy were delivered by Mrs. Florence Mc-Clelland, department president of the Ladies of the G. A. R.; Colonel Wilnois division, Sons of Veterans, and representatives of other kindred organizations. Rassieur delivered an address, reviewing the work of the Grand Army and picturing the blessings now enjoyed throughout the republic as a result of the civil war. "The civil war has made this country what it is," said Rassieur, "and today the world stands aghast at the prosperity and neverceasing progress and happiness of this reunited nation, welded by the bonds of love and spirit of freedom."

On the Picket Line.

A Louisville boy, an officer in the Philippines, tells a story on one of his brother officers which will bear repeating. The officer in question, a captain, stutters badly. He had been on reand leaned coaxingly against her. cruiting duty in the states, and while at his work had enlisted for his regiment a man who stuttered as badly as, if not worse, than the captain himself. Some time later he was ordered back to his company, and a few days afterward was on duty as officer of the day. As it happened, the stutterer to inspect the guard he came to the yes, I guess you can," she said. new sentry and was challenged. "Huhhuh-h-halt, who-who-who c-c-comes there?" The captain answered: 'O-o-o-of-of-for-ficer of the did-dadday." Then the sentry said: "A-a-aadvance, of-f-of-officer of the d-dday, to b-bib-bab-be recognized." By this time the captain was mad all over for he thought the man was mocking him. He did not know the recruit, although the recruit knew him. The captain went bouncing up to the sentry and yelled at him: "W-w-wh-whwhat d-d-d-m f-fool enlisted y-y-yuyu-you?" and the sentry said: "Y-yyu-yu-you did, sir."-Louisville Courier Journal.

Commenting on the recent death at Fort Sheridan of Abraham Haarscher, a soldier in the United States army, one of the commanding officers says he

Had Soldierly Fortitude.

was in a way a remarkable man. Born in Alsace, after the Franco-Prussian war, he came to America and enlisted in the army. One night at a far northwestern garrison he was walking post as a sentinel upon a frail temporary bridge thrown across a stream that was being undermined by a storm. The timbers were creaking under his feet and the water was beginning to creep over the planking, when the officer of the day appeared at the end of the bridge. He saw the sentinel and

"Come off that bridge, No. 5," he yelled above the storm. Haarscher walked calmly off the bridge and

his peril.

"Haarscher, you d-d fool, didn't you know the bridge was going?" Even as he spoke the frail structure was whirling away.

"That was my post, lieutenant, said Private Haarscher, "and you forget that I am a Frenchman."

Milan will soon have a "Rowtonpines are much fewer than at army house," in which 600 persons can get posts in this country. The opportun- clean beds and well-ventilated rooms Ity to get away is less, and the allure- for 7 cents a night.

How Letitia Kept Decoration Day

Letitia came down the nath and into the room with a joyful little hop, skip and jump. The room was small and dark, and a pile of black cloth on the table seemed to make it darker. Letitia stood still for a moment until her eyes became accustomed to the gloom but her tongue did not have to wait. "Cousin 'Liza?" she began.

The woman, who was standing beside the table cutting a boy's jacket The penalty now imposed for deser- out of an old coat, looked up for a motion varies greatly with the circum- ment and then bent again over her stances. A man may be sentenced to work. "It's you, is it, Letitia?" she

"Yes'm," answered Letitia. She made Sometimes he is restored to his regi- her way around the table and stood ment with nothing more than a repri- beside her cousin, waiting until she mand, when the circumstances are could speak. She knew by long experience when it was wise to do so. At last she drew a long sigh of relief; there was very little margin left, but Cousin 'Liza had "got it all out" without piecing.

> "Now, Cousin 'Liza," she said, happily.

"Well, what is it, child?" answered Cousin 'Liza, carrying her work to the window and beginning to baste up the seams.

Letitia drew a little stool to the window opposite her cousin. The light the council of administration of the fell full on her happy face and shining

"It's just the loveliest thing, Cousin executive board of the Woman's Relief Liza!" she said. "You see it's this Corps also met and the Sons of Vet- way: Next week is Decoration Day. erans of Illinois division opened their There's always been Decoration Day, I encampment. Camp Dustin, a little guess, but I never knew about it becity of tents, was opened at sunrise fore. So Miss Carrie's going to give us and at night 100 tents were occupied. a holiday, and in the afternoon we're going to put flowers on the soldiers' graves. We're to form a processions, and the girls will wear white, some Fellows' building, a reception was ex- with red ribbons and some with blue, so's to make red, white and blue, you Alexander and staff of the Sons of see, and the boys will wear tiny flags Veterans. One hundred survivors of in their buttonholes; and the ministhe 47th regiment of Illinois Volunteer ter's going to meet us at the cemetery; and there'll be singing-we practiced some today-and isn't it lovely? I am so glad we have Miss Carrie this year; she thinks of the nicest things!"

Cousin 'Liza shut her lips tightly. She dared not look at the radiant little face opposite her.

"I don't approve of it at all." she said stiffly. "I think Carrie Adams has welcomed the visitors to the city, and too many new-fangled notions. 'Taint proper to my mind." All the happy light faded out of

Letitia's face, but she did not say one word. Cousin 'Liza looked at the child, battling so silently and so braveliam E. Hill, commander of the Illi- ly with her disappointment, and her voice grew sharp with the pain of it.

"I never did see why men should get Commander-in-chief | all the honor," she said. "I guess the women had just as hard fights at home, and nobody ever thought of honoring them!'

> Letitia looked up wonderingly. 'Why, Cousin 'Liza, did they?" she exclaimed.

"You jest ask Bathsheha Briggs and Nancy Anderson; I guess they'll tell you.' Letitia sat on her stool thinking very

seriously. Just outside the window was a lilac bush, covered with cones of purplish buds; as it swayed in the wind, its leaves make a flickering tangle of sunlight and shadow at Letitia's feet. Suddenly her face bright-'Cousin 'Liza," she said, "if I can't

go with the others to decoration, can I go over and see Miss Page and old Mrs. Price and ask them about war times? They ain't men, you know," she added, seriously.

Cousin 'Liza looked uncomprehendthat he had enlisted was without his ingly at her for a second—she had alknowledge put on guard duty that ready forgotten her own excuse; then night. When the captain went around a grim smile touched her lips. "Well,

"Oh, thank you so much, you dear Cousin 'Liza!" cried Letitia, kissing her enthusiastically. "I'm going upstairs now; I'll be sure to be back time enough to pick up the pieces and set the table."

After she had gone Cousin 'Liza's work dropped into her lap and her forehead roughened as if with pain.

"There's no use fussing," she said. 'I dunno how we're going to get through, anyway; and I can't get the child a white dress. And she shan't go without it! I ain't going to have people say I can't support her! She's got to give it up, that's all." She bent over the coat again, but there was some trouble with her eyes. Once or twice she rubbed them impatiently; nobody guessed what she suffered in refusing Letitia "things like other girls."

When Letitia came back she was as bright as if she did not know what disappointment was. She got down on the floor and carefully picked up all the ravelings and pieces, her tongue going merrily all the while. At supper she glanced out of the window to the ·lilac bush.

"When do you suppose it will bloom?" she asked.

"I guess likely by next week," answered Cousin 'Liza. Letitia smiled contentedly, but said

no more. The next morning she started for

school as usual, stopping at the gate to wave good-by to Cousin 'Liza. As Letitia turned from the gate this morning her face grew sober; but she walked steadily on. A group of girls were standing in the school yard, and they called her eagerly.

"Letitia, what color ribbons are you going to wear?"

"Oh, Letitia, my mother says I can have a new dress!"

"Letitia, let me march with you?" "No, I want to. I said so first!" Letitia looked soberly around the voice.

"I guess it won't make any difference-about the marching, I mean. can't go."

The girls looked at her in amazement.

"Letitia Banks, what do you mean?" "Why, Letitia, you've got to! We can't get along without you; you're our best singer!"

"Won't your cousin let you? Well, think she's just the stinglest"-Letitia turned quickly. Her usually gentle face was flushed with anger.

"I don't know what you mean, Lucilla Andrews! I guess my cousin's just the nicest cousin in the world! I thought you were my friend." She broke off and walked away to the end of the play-ground. Just then Lucilla ran after her penitently.

"Don't get mad, Letitia! I'm real sorry-I truly am. It was just because I was so dreadfully disappointed."

"So was I," answered Letitia, still soberly. "I didn't mean to get mad. I guess I feel crooked some way today," she added, slowly. The bell rang then, and they had to

a serious face, for Miss Carrie was to tell, more about the Decoration Day you?" plans; she wished that she could study during the talk, and she began thinking over the products of South America, yet drifting between them came the teacher's words. Miss Carrie was telling about a committee to investigate records, and see that all the graves and all the old soldiers were honored. Suddenly a thought came to Letitia, and she forgot all about the products of South America, and almost spoke out loud. "Why, how funny. I'll have to be a committee all by myself," she said.

For the next week Letitia was very busy. Cousin 'Liza let her have nearly all her afternoons for play, and Letitia spent them in making visits or in working up in her room. Cousin 'Liza asked no questions; she was contented to see the child happy.

One night at supper Letitia looked up suddenly. She was just lifting her glass of water, and she put it down and stared at Cousin 'Liza with eyes shining with a new thought.

"Why, Cousin 'Liza!" she exclaimed. "Well, what?" "Were you alive in the war?"

"Of course, child! What put that in your head?" "Oh, nothing," answered Letitia,

with a happy little laugh; "only—it's so queer I never thought of it before! guess those lilacs will be lovely next week. You don't care if I carry some to old Mrs. Price when I go next Thursday, do you?"

"Land no, child. You can have the whole bush if you want it; I don't care.' Letitia opened her mouth to say

something; then she changed her mind and only smiled happily across the purple top of the lilac bush.

Decoration Day was warm and bright, and as soon as the dishes were washed Letitia went out in the yard to get her lilacs. She cut very carefully, leaving some still on the bush. Cousin 'Liza was busy in the kitchen. Letitia ran hurriedly up-stairs and came down with something that she put on the sitting-room table; then she picked up her lilacs and appeared once more at ened; she went over to Cousin 'Liza | the kitchen door, her bright face shining over her fragrant burden.

"I'm going now, Cousin 'Liza," she said. "I'll be sure to be back in time for dinner."

"You needn't hurry . It's going to be pretty warm today. It won't hurt if dinner is a little late for once."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Letitia; "not about the hurrying, you know; but be- | Phebe Rice behind them!" cause I'll have more time for calls. I guess it's going to be a nice Decoration Day, Cousin 'Liza."

She nodded brightly, and then went happily down the road. Cousin 'Liza finished her work, and then went into the table. There lay a piece of paper on which were fastened two tiny flags tied together with a bit of red ribbon and surrounded by a wreath of ivy hands with her guests; the unwontedleaves; under it was a note, in careful, childish writing:

"Dear Dear Cousin 'Liza:-I give you this because it's Decoration Day, and because you lived in war time and know all about it and because you've been so good-so good to me. I hope you'll like the flags and the wreath. I thought maybe they would last better than just flowers. I wish I could have made it look better, but somehow the leaves would twist a little crooked, but you won't mind it so very much, will you? Good-by, dear Cousin 'Liza, from

Letitia." The woman stood looking at the awkward little wreath. Then she covered her face with her hard, worn hands that had labored so faithfully, but so proudly and resentfully, through the hard years since the "war time." Because she could not give Letitia the best and finest, she was trying to keep her from everything-to make her proud and cold and bitter like herself; but now-she lifted the paper gently, almost reverently, and laid it in the upper drawer of the old secretary; then she took it out again and pinned

it to the wall. "Letitia 'll like it better so," she said. "She wouldn't understand the other. And I guess I'll make some rasin cake, she allus did like that best of every-

thing." Letitia went down the road with her load of nodding lilac plumes. Once or twice she met some of the schoolgirls who called out to her; but she did not mind-or at least not much. Was she not keeping her own Decoration Day?

She went first to old Mrs. Price's. growing very feeble; but her eyes were the sound of fresh, girlish voices float-

welcomed Letitia warmly. Letitia sat down and looked at her shyly; she had thought it would be easy, but found it hard to begin. Presently Mrs. Price

helped her. "Those are real pretty laylocks," she

said. "Yes'm." answered Letitia; "would you like some? I brought some for you if you would. You see it's Decoration Day, and they're going to decorate the graves of the soldiers; but Cousin 'Liza said she didn't think it was fair only to decorate the men when the women did so much too; so I brought you these, and then I'm going to four others."

Mrs. Price took the flowers in her old knotted hand. "If that isn't for all the world like you, Letitia Banks! You allus did have sech queer notions! But I'm real obleeged for the laylocks,

I'm sure." Her eyes grew dim and seemed to be looking far away. Letitia stood still and waited. Finally she put her soft, warm hand over the old wrinkled one. "I guess I've got to go now," she said. "I'm going way up to Miss Anderson's, you know. Thank you so much for all go in. Letitia took her seat, still with the stories you've told me. I guess you're glad you were so brave, ain't

> The old woman caught the child's hand and held her back.

"Look here, Letitia Banks," she said. "I jest want to tell you one thing. People can be jest as brave right along every day as they were in war times. Now be sure you don't ever forget

"No'm, I won't," answered Letitia seriously. "I guess that's the way my cousin 'Liza is, isn't she?"

The old woman dropped her hand and gave her a little push. "You'd better be going, child-it's gettin' hot.' she said. She could not tell her that she and 'Liza Perkins had quarreled in those war times and never spoken since

Letitia went on to Miss Nancy Anderson's and made a call there; but at the other places she left little notes with her flowers. It would have taken hides. When tanned, wash them in too long to stop at each place. As it was it was noon when she returned. warm and tired from her long walk. Cousin 'Liza was watching for her, and bathed her face and smoothed her hair before dinner.

"The wreath is real pretty," she said, awkwardly. "I pinned it on the wall," "Did you like it?" asked Letitia, her weary little face all smiles. "Oh, Cousin 'Liza, I'm so glad!"

After dinner she began wiping the dishes, but Cousin 'Liza made her lie down; she had not thought that she was tired, but in a very few minutes she was fast asleep.

Several hours later she was wakened by the sound of voices. The room was cool and shady and full of fragrance from the lilacs outside the windows; and in the dim, sweet gloom Letitia saw Cousin 'Liza and old Mrs. Price, both with faces strangely moved. "Why, Mrs. Price!" she exclaimed,

sitting up in surprise. The old woman turned. "I thought

I'd come over-seein' its Decoration Day and I don't get out very often," "Sam didn't happen to be strong tan. she said. using the horses. I brought you some preserved ginger, Letitia." "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Price!" said

Letitia. "I think your ginger is just the nicest I ever tasted." Mrs. Price peered through the lilac ushes. "Who's that co road?" she asked.

Letitia left the lounge and ran and looked over her shoulder. "Why, it's Miss Nancy Anderson and Mrs. Briggs," she said, delightedly; "and I do believe they're coming here! And -why, there are Miss Rice and Miss

Cousin 'Liza rose in a flurry; it had been years since she had had so many visitors, but Letitia was already at the gate welcoming them. She came back radiant with the four old ladies behing her. "Its a real surprise party," the sitting-room, but stopped short at she cried; "and I always wanted a surprise party!"

"Well, I guess you've got one now," said Cousin 'Liza. She was shaking ness of company made her nervous, but the welcome in her face supplemented her awkward words: In a moment she beckoned Letitia aside.

"We might get supper while they're here,' she said. "I guess there'll be enough. I baked a rasin cake this morning.'

"Letitia," called Miss Nancy, "wait a moment. I brought you some of my doughnuts. I had real good luck with them today."

"And I made some sugar cookies," said Mrs. Briggs. "I thought mebbe you'd like a few, Letitia." "And we brought you some of our

blackberry jell," chimed in the Misses Rice. Then they all looked at each other and began to laugh, while Letitia, with a plate of cookies in one hand and a

bag of doughnuts in the other, gazed in happy bewilderment at the jar of blackberry jelly. "It don't look jest like war times. does it?" said Mrs. Briggs. "I mind when we thought cookies was a won-

derful treat." "And when we sent all our jell to the soldiers," added Miss Rice. "Oh!" breathed Letitia, softly.

She ran in and out, helping Cousin 'Liza get the supper. The old ladies talked eagerly together; it was years since they had all met before.

Presently Letitia called them to supper. They filed out to the diningroom and seated themselves with little. fine, company airs, as befitting the rare delight of the occasion. Letitia, at the head of the table, could scarcely eat Mrs. Price was over seventy and at all. Once, through the open window

group and a little quiver choked her still bright and her senses sharp. She sed in to her and she caught the flutter of white dresses; they were coming back from the "Decoration." Letitia looked around at her surprise party with shining eyes. "Oh, I'm so glad they weren't left out!" she thought.

Down by the river the quiet graves of the dead heroes were drifted deep with flowers. Outside Cousin 'Liza's window the lilacs nodded and swayed, their shadows, like faint memories, touching lightly the old faces of these unnoted patriots, who had given of their best and dearest in the war time so long ago.-Mabel N. Thurston, in the Independent.

Tanning Skunk Skins.

The principal thing in successful tanning is to remove all grease and flesh from the hide, and to rub well while drying, as this is the only way to make the pelts soft, says Animal World. This cleaning process is called "fleshing," after which the skin should be washed in strong suds to remove all grease from the fur, after which they should be well rubbed in hardwood sawdust, which takes out all remaining grease. After tanning, dry in the shade, and without the heat of fire or sun. To whip them with a rattan after thoroughly drying brings out additional life and gloss to the fur. It pays to take the greatest possible pains as first-class skins are not only in demand, but bring sufficiently higher price to pay for the labor.

All hides must be fleshed off, and if dry must soak in soft water until perfectly soft before tanning.

Fleshing beam can be made from an outside slab from any log, with two legs on one end, so it will set up the right height. The fleshing knife can be made of an old piece of scythe. or a straight knife, with edge turned a little, and a handle at each end. After fleshing well, place the skins in the process given below and let them soak two hours; then pull them each way a few minutes, and let them hang over the tub and drain for two hours, and repeat until tanned, which will be about twenty-four hours for small warm soft water with a little salaratus and soft soap; then pull and rub them well while drying, to keep them soft.

The tanning liquor is made by adding to two quarts sour buttermilk two quarts tepid soft water; add twelve oz. salt, half oz. boraz, one oz. saltpetre; then srowly add, with agitation, four oz. sulphuric acid, and see that the chemicals are thoroughly dissolved.

add, with agitation, four oz. sulphuric acid, and see that the chemicals are thoroughly dissolved. Sulphuric acid is a dangerous polson, and we advise purchasing the exact

quantity wanted, so that the acid may not be kept standing about. This is a sure way to prevent any mistake or Another liquor may be made by adding to two quarts sharp vinegar

ounce borax, one ounce saltpetre and ten ounces salt. It takes a little more time for the last process, but it is equally good; both mixed together make a very

ten ounces alum, well pulverized, one

Seven-Year Comparison of Wheats. About sixty differently named sorts, parative test at the Ohio Experiment ieties are grown on plots of one-tenth a standard variety, Penquite's Velvet the series, and in computing the results the yield of a given variety is compared with that of the two plots of

Velvet Chaff between which it grew. The treatment of the crop is as nearly uniform for all the varieties as possible. The land was selected in the first place for its apparent uniformity; a tile drain is laid at one side of every plot: the plowing is done across the plots; all are manured alike with barnyard manure, distributed by a manure spreader, which also is driven across the plots, thus giving no opportunity for differences in time of plowing or manner of manuring to effect the yield, and the greatest possible care is taken in seeding, harvesting and threshing. Below are the general results of this test for the seven years, 1893 to 1899.

inclusive. The following sorts have exceeded the Velvet Chaff in yield: Poole and Mealy by an average of more than four bushels per acre each; Red Russian by nearly four bushels; Nigger, Early Ripe, Currell's Prolific, Gypsy and Egyptian by two to three bushels; Mediterranean, New Monarch and Democrat by one to two bushels, and Bearded Monarch, Valley, Deitz, Lebanon and Hickman by less than one

bushel each. Of the sorts which have fallen below Velvet Chaff in average yield are Jones' Winter Fife, which has averaged more than three bushels less; Theiss and Silver Chaff, between two and three bushels less; Royal Australian (or Clawson), Early Red Clawson, Yellow Gypsy, Missouri Blue Stem, New Longberry, Lehigh and Martin's Amber between one and two bushels less, and Fulcaster, Hindostan and Early White Leader, whose average yield has been less than a bushel below that of Velvet Chaff.

These tests have been made on a rather thin, somewhat sandy clay. On per square yard. A protest was made, gravelly loams the Valley has made a relatively larger yield than that quoted above. No variety has proved exempt from attack by the Hessian only three bids above \$2. As the refly, but Mealy, Mediterranean, Fulcas- sult of a protest high prices in Syrater and Clawson seem to suffer less cuse were brought down to \$1.68 and from the fall attack of this insect than most other sorts. The Ohio Station has never succeeded in growing spring wheat.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

The Climax of National Credit. A few years ago the credit of the United States was good, but not remarkable. Some European financiers professed to doubt it. Even at home there were people who said that they were uncertain. We were borrowing money nominally at four and five per cent, and actually at between three and four per cent. When somebody suggested at that time that United States bonds were really as good as British consols, an English paper re-

sented the suggestion as an "insult." Today the verdict of the market is that the credit of the United States is not only good, but the best in the world, and not only the best, but so incomparably the pest that, as in the first American Cup race, there is no second. Great Britain has not only lost first place in the credit column, but has yielded second place to France, third to Russia and fourth to Germany: The Spanish war fought by us for humanity gave us credit in all civilized countries: Britain's warfare against the Boers in South Africa has brought proud Albion to the brink of

Joins Ladies' Glub

The Ladies' Club of Berlin has just received a new member, whose standing in the social world adds much to its weight. She is Frau von Bulow. wife of the German Imperial Chancel-

Countess von Buelow is one of the



COUNTESS VON BUELOW. handsomest and most charming members of Berlin society. As the wife of the chancellor, she, of course, is looked upon as a leader in matters in which the smart set is interested. The Ladies' Club is a most delightful

organization, which can hold its own for comfort, elegance and accommodation against any club in London, Paris or New York.

The Horse and Electricity. It is now urged by an automobilist that those who drive about in the country and complain that their horses are frightened by the motor cars have themselves in very large measure to thank for their horses' fright. None of of wheat are annually grown in com- them is so far removed from the home of the motor car that he could not send Station. In this test the different va- his horses over to have a feed of corn acre, the plots being arranged so that the strange thing; and no owner of a motor car is so churlish that he would Chaff, appears on every third plot in not give permission for horses to go to his stables and receive this lesson. It is suggested that if horse owners had but the energy to see that this was done once or twice their horses would soon grow used to the motors. In the French towns the horses have

> Sir Walter Besant's Illness. Word comes from London that Sir walter Besant's continued illness is. causing great anxiety to his friends—

> already learned to take no notice of



SIR WALTER BESANT. and no English author has more friends than he. His latest work, "East London," is said to have stirred up some strife because of the writer's apparent attempt to "Americanize" English spelling, but this quieted down when it was learned that the book was printed from plates made in America.

Cheap Asphalt for Paving. Buffalo has had an experience in asphalt which is interesting if not instructive. Bids were asked for several streets and responses were made at figures ranging from \$2.26 to \$2.99 all the bids were rejected and new bids were taken. The new bids ranged from \$1.58 to \$2.62 per square yard, with \$1,78 per square yard. The time will come when all principal country roads will be paved with asphalt.-Indianapolis Journal.

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